

Let It Bleed - Rolivia

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**Let It Bleed**

A week had passed since the massacre at Max Rager. No one was completely sure how they were covering up all of the dead zombie bodies, but, they were. The news was still riddled with headlines about Max Rager causing violent outbursts. It wasn't a complete lie. They had not been able to control the once innocent party goers, however, what the world didn't know was they were more than violent, they were flesh eating zombies with no moral compass or self control. Super Max, when combined with utopium, transformed the partakers into an instant zombie. It was like a deadly, brain craving form of acid.

Thankfully, almost everyone that really mattered, made it out alive, er, as alive as some of them would ever get.

This included Rita. Of course, she had not left without getting her

own form of justice, eating her father, Vaughn's brains. Being around all those other zombies, so angry, hungry, it had sent her into a feeding frenzy, and she almost cracked Clive's skull open. Thankfully, a shove against the wall by Liv, and several 'Rita's managed to calm her down from her full on zombie mode.

Rita had been staying at Liv's again, despite the tension, and dislike that everyone seemed to toss at her. She didn't blame them, she was not a good person. Not in an understandable sense anyway. Everyone was worried about the military contractors words. It seemed that someone was taking an interest in making Seattle the _Zombie Capital of America._

Even so, Liv had her job to pay attention to. Rita didn't understand this; how was helping solve individual crimes more important than figuring out why, why did these people want so many zombies, why did they want to buy Max Rager in the first place? Rita was no longer connected to the company, it wasn't hers, nothing was hers anymore. Except the ten million dollars sitting in her bank account, but, money wasn't really fun when she wasn't the one who worked for it. Not that she'd ever give it up, oh no, she'd already invested several hundred thousand of it into the stock market, and few clothing, hair dye.

Speaking of hair dye. Rita was in the bathroom, bent over the bathtub with a towel near her knees as she rinsed out the black goop from her hair and watched it swirl into the water and run down the drain. After conditioning her hair, she rinsed and then reached a slippery hand up, turning off the water. She shook the towel along her hair as she stood up, then tossed it across the bathroom. She didn't look in the mirror, she didn't want to look in the mirror until she'd brushed her new hair. Rita brushed her hair blindly, following her natural middle part, and then turned around.

Her hair was jet black, a color that made her pale skin even more noticeable. She liked it, more than she thought she would. She looked like a snowflake, a dangerous, devious snowflake.

Rita smiled and headed out of the bathroom in her pajamas. Liv was seated on the couch, watching another one of her intense teen romance shows.

"Do you mind if I join?" she said as she stepped behind the couch.

Liv jumped a little, and paused the show, turning to look at Rita.

"Well, when you said you were dying your hair I expected ginger, not tar pit." she commented, and Rita rolled her eyes, walking around the couch and seating herself right beside her.

"I was just feeling the black." Rita said, folding her arms.

Liv eyed her, "That's probably just Chelsea Rayna."

"It is normal to refer to your food by name?" she asked, tilting her head to the side.

"When you have morals, yes." Liv replied, "Chelsea was brutally run

over by a train, but she also happened to be a huge member of the Grateful Dead fan club, and a fourteen year old aspiring poet."

Rita smirked and grabbed the remote from her.

"I knew I felt a little angsty." she teased.

Liv sighed and snatched the remote back from her.

"Just because I am letting you stay here, doesn't mean we're friends, and it doesn't mean I have fully forgiven you for being a grade A backstabber." she reminded the woman.

Rita was quiet, and let Liv turn her show back on. She stared into the TV, paying attention and lost in her head at the same time. She was starting to feel more of Chelsea's personality, especially when it came to grief, sadness. Not that her brain was making Rita more sad, but, it was bringing things she did not want to think about to the surface in waves.

He raised me to be this way, I never had a chance.

She thought to herself.

In the darkness, I became the darkness, part of him, what part of me, is really me?

Rita blinked and quickly stood up.

"Okay, this chick's brain is getting on my nerves, I need a drink." she shuffled into the kitchen.

"Mhm." Liv replied, not really caring.

Rita opened the fridge and started to grab the tall bottle of peach vodka but for some reason was more allured by the jug of chocolate milk. Her eyes shifted in between the two things until she decided to grab both, plus the hot sauce and placed them on the counter.

"Can I even taste chocolate?" she asked as she grabbed a glass from the cabinet.

"No, but don't let that stop you." Liv said as the episode on the TV ended.

Rita smiled to herself as she filled half the glass with the milk, poured in some vodka, and several dozen shakes of hot sauce. The mixed product was a deep, brownish crimson that didn't look all that appealing. She lifted the glass to her lips and took a drink. It was surprisingly, not that bad. It was mildly spicy, smooth, and had a slight burn in the back of her throat. She shrugged and headed back to the couch.

"That looks disgusting." Liv commented, eying the glass.

"It's not that bad." Rita told her.

Liv gave her a 'okay' look and started flipping through the channels on the TV.

She took another drink and then set it on the coffee. She couldn't pay attention to the show anymore. Her father's death was weighing on her, even though she had eaten some of his brains after helping a horde of zombies smash his skull in.

Rita shuttered.

She was used to lying, manipulating, other people smashing peoples heads in. But, being the actual person to kill someone, wasn't exactly her best moment. Being part of this, scooby gang of zombies and humans who know about zombies, meant no more lies, no more using people, and no regression.

Rita was a week into her new lifestyle, of functional, former douche, zombie. It was easy when you weren't worried about how you were going to get your next meal. But, she was bored, felt like she lacked purpose; even if she was helping Liv solve crimes. She'd been helpful with one, so far, and it still didn't feel like enough. Rita had never felt like she was enough, especially with Vaughn.

She was raised to be confident, manipulative, greedy, and narcissistic, by a man who was just the same. Which is why Rita hated admitted she was insecure.

"Okay, what is going on with you?" Liv asked, and Rita realized she had been mumbling incoherently to herself, and chewing on her finger nails.

"Nothing you want to hear about." Rita told her, placing her hand back on her lap.

She rolled her eyes and turned to face the dark haired woman.

"If there's anyone I have learned since becoming a zombie, it's that keeping things bottled up, is way worse when don't need sleep to live." Liv said, her eyes scanning her face.

When Rita sighed, giving her the cue that she would talk, Liv muted the TV. She looked into Rita's blue doe eyes and waited for her to speak.

"Vaughn. I always knew he was a terrible person, he raised me to be a copy of him, but I didn't realize how little he actually cared about me until he was leaving me behind to die at the hands of zombies." she said slowly, her eyes flickering away from Liv.

"He wouldn't even help me when I managed to 'save' myself, he sent his little minion after me, locked me in a glass box. I could see how disappointed in me he was. He tried to play it off as though he cared, wanted to move off somewhere with me, be a happy father daughter duo with all our money." Rita continued, "But I knew, I always knew. I was just one of his minions too."

Liv furrowed her brow, "I can't imagine a childhood with Vaughn."

"Oh, you don't want too. I can hardly remember my own mother. Vaughn didn't teach me to be honest, he actually told me to lie, he taught me how to manipulate people. I was five years old when he first told me, ' Rita, the world sucks, everyone thinks they deserve

happiness, but only we deserve happiness. You have to do what you have to do to get what you want, no matter who gets hurt.' and his dopey grin, burned into my memory ever since." Rita said, inhaling.

Liv bit the inside of her cheek.

"Vaughn might have raised you that way, but, you made your own choices. You can chose to be different." she told her.

Rita nodded, "I know, I'm a horrible person. I don't want to be that person. Being a zombie sucks, but, I've been given a second chance at life right?" her eyes were a little wet.

"You don't have to be grateful, that you're still 'alive', you can be upset, it's alright." Liv said quietly, "You can let your pain bleed out, just don't forget that eventually, you have to get over it or else you will just be stuck."

"You're right. I've never really let myself feel much of anything, and now, I feel so much. I don't know if it's this stupid brain, or what." Rita ran a hand over her forehead. She felt like a mess, and she hated not being in control. She always wanted to be in control, of everything.

Liv scooted closer to her, and hesitantly lifted her hand, touching the one on Rita's lap.

"You royally screwed me over, but, I can see you're not an irredeemable person." she told her, and a few tears dripped from Rita's eyes.

"Really?" Rita asked.

Liv used her other hand to pull Rita's hand away from her face.

"Yes, you are not Vaughn." she whispered, wiping away from of her tears.

Rita stared into her eyes, her waterline still flooding a bit.

"Thank you." she said quietly, and they sat there, holding onto each other's hands for several minutes in the silence.

It was strange, just a month before, they had hated each other's guts, two hours before they were getting along on a minor friend/enemies basis, and now neither of them wanted to let go.

"Is it just me, or was Chelsea a little amorous with girls?" Rita asked, unsure if her desire to move closer to Liv was her own.

Liv bit at her lip, "It's just you." she told her, "And just me."

Rita moved closer, not removing eye contact with her.

"In that caseâ€¦ I could in good conscious kiss you." she whispered.

"But, could I?" Liv asked, her lips turning up in a small smirk, and she lifted her hand to brushed a lock of Rita's damp hair behind her ear.

Suddenly, Rita's lips were pressed against hers. She hadn't kissed anyone since becoming a zombie and had expected Liv's lips to be cold. Instead, their lips were warm, melting together. Her hands went to Liv's torso and she pulled her closer by her shirt, deepening the kiss. All the terrible thoughts in Rita's head were floating away and all she could think about was Liv.

She felt Liv's fingers along the side of her face, her tongue brushing against hers for a brief second. A soft noise came from Rita and she had Liv on her back quicker than anyone could blink. They both took a deep breath, before their lips came together again, Rita straddling her, her fingers creeping up inside Liv's shirt.

The kiss broke as Rita pulled Liv's shirt over her head.

"No one would like this." Liv said breathlessly.

"O-oh well." Rita whispered, her face moving down to Liv's shoulder.

She kissed along her neck, lips leaving a warm moist trail there. Her kisses flowed down her shoulder, back up again and to her bare chest. Rita licked along the soft tautness of one of her breasts until she reached her nipple. Her tongue circled the pink skin, coaxing her nipple until hardened against her lips.

Liv's hand went up to tangle in her black hair. Rita smiled, sucking her nipple into her mouth and then letting it go with a -pop-. She trailed her tongue up Liv's chest, to her neck, and then kissed her way back to her lips.

Liv kissed her hungrily, in a way either of them thought was possible. It turns out, angsty brain, combined with an already complicated relationships and two lustful women, makes for really hot sexual tension.

Rita pulled her own shirt off quickly, revealing her perky bare breasts and leaned down to kiss her again. Their tits rubbed up against each other, nipples hard. Liv sucked her bottom lip into her mouth and bit it, causing a moan to escape Rita, who responded by grinding her hips.

She then moved down and pulled the tiny pajama shorts Liv was wearing off, and running her fingers along her thighs. Rita's fingers moved up, in between her legs, pressing up against the thin fabric of her panties. The woman's hips were already moving a bit, and as pulled her panties off and leaned down, Liv twitched at her breath blew against her wet pussy.

Rita's tongue ran along right near her clit, circling, and the closer she got to actually licking her clit, the more Liv had a hard time containing her moans.

Thank God Peyton was at Ravi's.

Rita flicked her tongue against Liv's clit, and her lips sucked along her pussy, eating her out. Her own clit was pulsing, and she reached down, sliding her fingers into her pajama shorts, rubbing herself.

"Oh, fuck." Liv moaned, grinding her hips rhythmically.

Rita was growing impatient, as she fondled with herself, but she could feel the muscles in Liv's thighs tighten.

"I-..." Liv gasped, her head leaning back further as she came.

The second her orgasm was over, Rita practically ripped her own shorts and panties off, climbing on top of Liv. She positioned herself in between Liv's thighs at an angle, their pussys pressed up against each other. She grinded quickly, their clits rubbing together. Liv had never experienced this before and she moaned almost at the same time as Rita.

"Oh, yeah!" Rita inhaled, closing her eyes and tossing her head back as they fucked.

Liv grinded upwards against her harder, faster, and as they both orgasmed at the same time, but didn't stop.

"Fuck me!" she moaned, grabbing at her own tits.

Thirty minutes later and they were both lying on the couch, Rita on her back, Liv lying on top of her, bare naked, sweaty together. They were still trying to catch their breaths, as they listened to the silence.

"That was!" Liv whispered, and Rita smiled.

"Yeah." she chuckled, her hand running along Liv's back, up and down.

If Rita had wanted to distract herself, she certainly had done a good job; but, what had happened with Liv wasn't over, no one where near. She had no plans on making their first time their last.

End
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